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FRANK A. MUNSEY
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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1933.

Daily Calendar of American History

November 23.
1785—John Hancock, of Massachusetts, chosen President of the Continental Congress. (Did not serve owing to continued illness.)
1871—An Act of Congress passed by the House of Representatives. Fisheries commission under treaty of Washington awards \$5,500,000 in gold to be paid by the United States to Great Britain for fisheries privilege.
1894—New treaty with Japan signed at Washington.

Medals for Public Service.

The Times Offers Decorations for Local Firemen and Policemen.

The news columns of The Times announce today an offer of three medals for distinguished services on the part of local firemen and policemen. The award is to be made by The Times through a commission chosen with the co-operation of the authorities at the head of the two departments concerned, and is expected to occur at the time of the annual parade next November.

By the terms of the award all the members of both departments are listed as contestants by mere determination to do their duty as well as they can. One of the decorations, a gold medal, is to mark the most notable instance of life-saving incident to the year's work of the fire department. It appears, however, that the engine companies stationed beyond the heart of the city have little opportunity to save human life, and the award is consequently extended to include a bronze medal for efficiency. The decoration open to policemen, a gold medal also, is to be awarded for conspicuous bravery.

Prominent local jewelers have been invited to submit designs for these medals, it being the purpose of The Times to make them valuable artistically and materially as well as significant of exceptional service to the community. The decorations will have most value, necessarily, as memorials of true bravery and unwavering fidelity to the hum-drum service of every day.

It is the hope of The Times that these awards may incite the public servants of these two important branches of government to extraordinary efforts in the face of extraordinary obstacles. But the chief purpose of this offer is rather to reward by public recognition notable achievements which now pass practically without notice.

Freedom of Opinion.

How It Is Affected by the Dismissal of Mr. Bassett.

Spencer Bassett, a professor in Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, has been obliged to resign, the occasion being an article contributed by him to the "South Atlantic Quarterly," published at the college, and edited by him. In this article he said that Booker Washington was the greatest man who had lived in the South since Robert E. Lee. He has also, at one time and another, expressed the opinion that race antagonism, fostered by political leaders, was a bad thing for the South, and his estimate of Booker Washington appears less extravagant when it is understood to be based on the undeniable fact that this negro leader has done more to promote harmony between the races than any other man since the war. Nobody can question the usefulness of Washington's scheme of education in this direction, or the fact that nobody else has any claim to the solution of a problem which has bothered political leaders North and South for the last forty years.

The resignation of Mr. Bassett is lamentably significant as showing the amount of tolerance which the South even now has for the opinion of a minor. Earnest thinkers were just beginning to feel encouraged by the fact that in the very heart of the cotton States there was a little group of men who seemed disposed to discuss the race problem with calmness and impartiality; that these men were Southerners born and bred, and might be expected to know what they were

talking about; that they were, moreover, connected with no political machine or institution, but were apparently independent thinkers. The dismissal of a professor in a Georgia college for similar independence of thought and speech caused people to suppose some time ago that a minority had no business doing any thinking in the South, but the existence of the "South Atlantic Quarterly" seemed to contradict this view, and prove that fanatics of the Tillman, Dixon, and John Temple Graves type did not have the South tied to their chariot wheels. Now, what are we to infer?

The point at issue is not whether Booker Washington deserved the commendation of Mr. Bassett. That has nothing to do with the case. It is freedom of speech which is on trial in North Carolina. There was acrimonious discussion some years ago over the justice of the dismissal of a professor in a certain California university for speeches and writings which proved objectionable to a benefactor of the institution. The consensus of opinion among intelligent, thoughtful, educated men in this country undoubtedly is that the university professor should stand for freedom of thought. If we have not the right of independent speech among educated men, where are we to have it? Is the ignorant demagogue, burning with ideas ill-conceived and ill-adjusted, to be the only man free to express his honest convictions? Is popular prejudice to muzzle not only the politician, who lives by it, but the educated man, who ought on occasion to fight it? Does the South wish to go on record as allowing no expression of opinion on the race problem except in one direction? It was said twenty-five years ago by one of those Northern critics to whom the South so vigorously objects: "You all want to shoot, whip, hang, and burn those who do not agree with you." This was strong language, but the Bassett case and the Gonzales case seem to indicate that the South has even now no idea of developing that freedom of atmosphere in which a man may say what he thinks, even if it be extravagant, even if it be eccentric, even if it be contrary to popular feeling. And without such freedom there can be little progress.

Censorship of Plays.

The London Censor Bars D'Annunzio's Latest Drama.

Dust has been raised in London by the fact that King Edward's censor of plays, George Redford, has prohibited the production of Gabriele D'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta." Those who disagree with the censor ask why he should license objectionable farces and bar such plays as "Moussa Vanna," "Ghosts," and now this Italian drama.

The contention of these critics of the censor is a mixture of reason and unreason. They are quite right in demanding that he be consistent. The smutty vaudeville and musical comedy and French farce productions, in which virtue is made a jest and fun is associated with ideas and actions which should not be brought into a drama at all, are certainly more objectionable than any decent mind than dramas which, if they introduce immorality, do so for the purpose of drawing attention to a moral problem or illustrating some true phase of human life. Such a drama as "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," for example, played with all the seriousness with which it was written, could not fail to arouse in the beholder a sympathy for the unfortunate heroine which perhaps might lead to a more just and charitable estimate of the nature of sorely tempted women. Farces in which temptation is made a matter of jest and virtue ridiculed must, on the contrary, lead to immorality and cynicism, if they lead anywhere. It is possible to be decent without being pharisaical, and the direct-teaching of most of these malodorous funny plays is that it is not; or, rather, that there is no such thing as decency, and those who profess it are either imbeciles or hypocrites. By all rules of common sense, King Edward's censor should, if he really wants to clean up the stage, have begun at the farcical end of it.

It is, however, unfair to put D'Annunzio's dramas in the same class with those of Ibsen and Maeterlinck. The Norwegian is powerful, but grim, and he never makes vice attractive. There might be a question about its being artistic to dramatize a scene from a moral hospital, but the Ibsen play is no more immoral than a medical report. Moreover, it is not attractive enough to lead anybody astray. Maeterlinck's "Moussa Vanna" is true to the life of the middle ages, and while painful, is not more suggestive than chapters out of Lecky's "History of European Morals." Here, again, it might be questioned whether the aim

of the stage should not be rather to produce works of beauty than to teach lessons in morals or history which are unbecomingly dramatic form. But in the case of D'Annunzio, no morals and no history are concerned. The Italian dramatist's marvelous power of artistic expression cloaks nothing in the world but moral rottenness. It is tainted through and through, a product of decadent Bohemia; and to defend it on the ground of art is to defend anything which appeals to the senses simply on the ground of that appeal, without regard to its influence on the intellect or the morals.

Two Local Problems.

Major Sylvester Cites Municipal Evils Which Need Prompt Attention.

As the headlines in Friday's Times indicated, the chief interest of Major Sylvester's annual report lies in his consideration of the new juvenile court and the treatment of youthful offenders against the law.

The problem is not new. Indeed, the present conditions have been created by an attempt at solving it. This report of the Chief of Police apparently makes it plain that much still remains to be done. "An established age for newsboys," "a compulsory education law," and "a thorough and properly equipped probation force, with police powers and supervision," are suggested as means to improvement. Whether such step would suffice or not, Major Sylvester's statement of crime among young boys abundantly supports his contention that "from a police standpoint, the present probation feature in the District . . . is not a pronounced success."

Interference with the daily duties of his roundsmen moves Major Sylvester to consider at some length another local problem—the administration of the Police Court. His men, it seems, lose needed time by waiting for their "cases" to be heard. This is, of course, a natural consequence of inadequate facilities and poor court organization.

The Times, if it is not yet ready to endorse Major Sylvester's scheme of police magistrates, says a loud "Amen!" to the chief's general dictum on Police Court trials. "As time advances and conditions change," he observes, "the necessity for improvement in this system is more apparent." We think no one will deny that.

Agriculture in Arizona is now a matter of dates. They are raising them out there.

A New Jersey man has been vainly trying to break his lease because his house is haunted, but the owner does not believe in ghosts. The comfort of the tenant is probably more affected by the fact that the servants do.

The suppressed poems of Tennyson have been published in a book, but it is unlikely that anybody will ever publish the suppressed poems of Alfred Austin.

The "New York Press" says: "It would make a woman die of shame to show the same things in trousers she would show without them." Why, what are the latest fashions in New York, anyway?

Mr. Miers of Indiana wants a theater of national education established in Washington. Is not the Congressional vaudeville enough?

Suppose Mrs. Nation had tried to convert Rip Van Winkle, what would have happened?

Some of the English newspapers call the Panama affair an unholy grab. They probably consider the English statesman a holy grabber.

There are three thousand cooks in union in New York, and it is to be hoped that this does not mean a general roasting of employers.

The League of Wholesale Seedsmen protests against the distribution of seeds by the Agricultural Department to the farmers. They needn't worry; the seeds rarely come up.

Sails.

Full-sailed sails, tireless and fleet; tall doughty—
Of solitude and of the wide, gray waters!
Bow and pass on, as joyously you keep!
Your steady mizzen upon the deep!

Oh, let my soul fare with you, if you run
Across the embers of the dying sun,
Across the ashes of the day, and soon
Are ghosts that glide beneath the ghostly moon.

Or, if white priestesses, ye hail afar
From dawn's fair temple and the Morning Star,
Oh, when I watch the sails upon the sea,
How the old wanderer awakes in me!

To lock my door, to say no man good-by,
And drift far out into the sea and sky—
Oh, God! To leave this rapid life behind,
When I behold the sails upon the sea!

To taste the sweet, salt spray upon my lips,
And cry, "Hail, sailor!" to the passing ships,
Who hath not felt this vague, yet fierce desire,
The legacy from some old Viking sire?

That lived in days when souls were free and brave,
And knew wild joy upon the bounding wave?
For there is in us a divine unrest,
An ache for wings, however unconfessed;

A voice that whispers, "Catch the rising breeze
Away! Beyond the Gates of Hercules;
Why sit ye here, a slave to petty care,
When the sea beckons and the winds are fair?"
Breathe deep the sea wind, and be glad and bold,
One with the glorious vagabonds of old!
And this I feel most bitterly in me
When I behold the sails upon the sea!

—George Horton in Saturday Evening Post.

Questions and Answers

Gibraltar.

When did Gibraltar pass into the possession of Great Britain?
P. E. S.
It was ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht April 11, 1713.

Bible Verses.

Which is the longest and which the shortest verse in the Bible?
STAFFORD.
The longest is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther; the shortest the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John.

Cost of Passenger Cars.

What is the cost of a passenger car, such as is used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company?
CURIOUS.
Approximately \$5,000.

Arlington Cemetery.

Is the National Cemetery at Arlington open to visitors on Sundays?
G. H. K.
It is.

The Panama Canal.

Is the United States at present carrying on any work on the Panama Canal?
ROBERT C.
No.

Bell Rock Light.

Where is the Bell Rock light-house?
H. U. T.
It is nearly in front of the Frith of Tay and is one of the finest in Great Britain. It is 115 feet high, upon a rock 427 feet long, and 200 feet wide. It was erected in 1806.

Official Locksmith.

Reference was made in a conversation last night to the official locksmith of the House of Representatives. I assert that there was no such official. Was I right?
HUBERT.
You were not. Reference to the Congressional Directory, page 185, shows that Daniel P. Hickling, of 222 Third Street northwest, is locksmith for the House.

Baseball.

Where and between what clubs was the first recorded baseball game played?
HOME PLATE.
At Hoboken, N. J., June 19, 1846, between the Knickerbocker and New York clubs. The Knickerbocker was the first permanent organization, formed in 1845, and playing regularly at the Elysian Fields, New York.

Onida Community.

Is the Onida Community still conducted along the lines laid down by the founder?
ALICE J. M.
The Onida Community is today in existence in the form of a joint stock company at Onida, Madison county, New York. The system of "complex marriage" and some communistic features of the original scheme formulated by Founder Noyes have been given up. The company has a great deal of property and manufactures at Kenwood, Sherrill, and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Secretary Hay.

Is Secretary Hay a graduate of Harvard or Yale? Where was he born? What was his first diplomatic work?
HOWARD.
The Secretary never attended either university. He was graduated from Brown University in 1878, (2) He was born in Salem, Ind. (3) He entered the diplomatic service in March, 1885, when he was appointed secretary of legation to France.

At the White House.

When are visitors received by the President?
VISITOR.
Senators and Representatives are received from 10 a. m. to 12 m., excepting on Cabinet days (Tuesdays and Fridays). Visitors having business with the President will be admitted from 12 to 1 o'clock daily, excepting Cabinet days, so far as public business will permit. The East Room is open daily, Sundays excepted, for the inspection of visitors, between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

In a Lighter Vein.

Manifestly Wrong.
"Man wants but little here below."
That line excites our mirth,
For nearly every man we know
Just nearly wants the earth.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Moving Speech.

"I was much moved by a speech I heard yesterday."
"What was it?"
"A park cop said 'gettin'blazoutthere!'"
—Denver Post.

Plot and Counterplot.

Nell-You and Jack sterling seem to be quite chummy these days.
Belle-Yes; Jack's a good fellow. He's going to marry May Simpson in a month or so.
Nell-I knew they were engaged, but I thought she was growing cold.
Belle-Oh, she's warming up now. I've been giving her an impression lately that I wanted him.—Philadelphia Record.

A Question of Progress.

"Our town," said the native, "has the lowest death rate of any important city in the country."
"What's the matter?" asked the visitor.
"Pavements so poor you can't run automobiles here!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Necessity the Mother.

Citily-I suppose you fellows in the suburbs have put your lawn mowers away for a winter rest, now?
Suburb-Yes, indeed; most of us are trying to rig up a new attachment on 'em to turn 'em into snow plows.—New York Sun.

Where It Belonged.

"Here's an account of a big landslide," said the newspaper. "Under what head shall I put it?"
"Put it with the real estate transfers," said the city editor, as he wrote, "Continued on the forty-first page" in the middle of a four-line paragraph.—Youth's Companion.

On the Rialto.

"How many wives did you say you have had?" she asked.
"Ten. And how many husbands have you had?"
"Seven. May I ask where you are from?"
"Salt Lake City. And you?"
"The Rialto."—Life.

The Editor's Wastebasket.

The old wastebasket,
It stands on the floor,
By the side of my desk,
Just facing the door;
It is chock full of poems,
Wertless manuscripts—trashed—
And many such things
That wouldn't bring cash.

Oh, darling old basket,
What on earth would I do
If I could not confide
In all such troubles to you?
For 'enough you troubles
May have no end,
I know you, at least,
Can be counted my friend.

—FRANK H. GIBSON.

Courts and Capitals

Of the Old World

By THE MARQUESS DE MONTELEONE

Affront to King Peter.

King Edward has just made it plain to the world that he will have nothing whatsoever to do with the coronation of a grade as long as King Peter remains in power, disassociating himself from the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga. For, on the occasion of his birthday, a little over a week ago, he curtly declined to receive a delegation of congratulations and good wishes from the Serbian King and the Serbian Government, causing it to be known that he had taken this step for his reason placed upon one Peter, who had made still more information for the position of the Serbian King and the Serbian Government. While an official report has been published at Belgrade, it is not clear that Peter is contemplating a step of this kind, and the news of his having accepted the throne to his son sixteen-year-old son, Prince George, may be received at any time.

Monarch Friendless.

The King is absolutely friendless, so much so that his abandonment of the throne would be welcomed at Belgrade by people of every political shade, no matter how antagonistic to one another. The partisans of the late King Alexander and all those officers and politicians who appreciate the horror aroused abroad by the frightful murder of the late King and Queen are embittered against Peter for refraining from punishing the regicides, and for thus subjecting Serbia to affronts such as the one which she has just received at the hands of Great Britain.

On the other hand, the assassins of King Alexander and his friends and adherents, complain that Peter is too little subservient to their wishes and too much disposed to forget that he owes his throne to them. In one word, that he is not a sufficiently pliant tool.

It is usual in the desire of Peter's abdication, and I have no doubt that he can make satisfactory financial arrangements for himself, place his boy under the joint protection of Austria and Russia, and surround him with proper advisers, who would feel that the lad was bound by no obligations of any kind to the people responsible for the tragedy of last summer. He would cheerfully step aside and return to his old home in Geneva, where his surroundings were so much more congenial than those at present. It may be remembered that King Milan, when he abdicated in favor of his son Alexander, King Peter would, therefore, be merely following an established precedent in Serbia.

Pius Creates Sensation.

Pius X has created a sensation, not only at the Vatican, but also throughout Rome, by ordering the construction of two new carriages of the pattern used by the cardinals in their peregrinations in the Eternal City and its environs. He invariably inspects upon walking in the Vatican grounds, absolutely refusing to make any use of the carriages employed by his predecessor for his daily drive in the Vatican gardens, and so it is naturally assumed that he has ordered these new carriages because he proposes to drive outside the Vatican grounds, where, of course, it would be impossible for him to go on foot.

The Pope has likewise acquired two magnificent grand pianos and also an organ, for his private apartments, and the avowed object that those of the Sacred College who "really understand music" may come together and enjoy with him an hour now and again of comforting and elevating music. The Holy Father is passionately fond of music, was the patron of Abbe Persoli, the composer, and when at Venice had him always at his elbow. Moreover, he understands music and sees no reason why he should be deprived thereof now that he has become Pope. His three immediate predecessors in the Chair of St. Peter cared little or nothing for music, and in the days of Leo XIII the Vatican was a perfect tomb of silence.

Edward and Nicholas.

Were it not for the close relationship between King Edward and the Czar, there is no doubt that England and Russia would come to blows, and it is only the ties of blood between the two monarchs and their families that stand in the way of war. It was but the other day that Lord Lansdowne solemnly announced in the House of Commons that the avowed object that those of the Sacred College who "really understand music" may come together and enjoy with him an hour now and again of comforting and elevating music.

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An Eccentric Peer.

The Countess of Dysart, who has just been elected church wardess of the little parish of Croxson in the Canonshire, is the wife of one of the extreme left centric members of the House of Lords, from whom she separated some time ago, finding her husband's oddities too much for her nerves. He is not known in this country, which he visited some years ago, when he caused astonishment by his intimation to newspaper interviewers that he did not "care" to see the house of lords; his opinion that Emperor William was a "damned autocrat," that "home" should be granted to Ireland, and that he voiced "the sentiments of many peers when I say that we don't care tuppence whether Canada goes to the United States or remains to Great Britain."

Lord Dysart is descended from William Murray, who held the post of whipping boy to King Charles I, an office which doomed him to undergo all the corporal punishment which his royal champion deserved. Charles, on becoming king, created his whipping boy Baron of Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. The present and ninth earl succeeded his grandfather, who was a most accomplished miser of colossal wealth, and who many long years before his death lived in sordid lodgings in an alley off of Strand, alone, holding no one but his lawyer and his doctor; never

Free-Hand Comment

On Men and Manners

The crickets in the meadow
Have boxed their violins.
The frogs "kood-by" have said, too,
For winter now begins.

The strenuous mosquito
No longer sweetly sings,
The pesky fly must flee, too,
Or frost will nip his wings.

He's vanished by the millions,
And now will soon be fled,
No more to dance cotillions
Upon the bald man's head.

Oh, yes, his flight erratic
This year is nearly through,
To speak in terms grammatical
He's really a few.

The threat of General Reyes that Colombia will carry on a second Boer war against the United States, is not disquieting in view of the fact that it is impossible for troops to march from Colombia to Panama, and we are not going to invade Colombian territory. But such a war is chiefly impossible because there are no Boers in Colombia.

President Castro, of Venezuela, is not at all likely to fly to Marroquin's assistance. President Castro has troubles enough of his own without going away from home to look for them. Besides, the man who can keep himself at the head of a South American government for a year or more, is not a fool.

A dispatch from Moscow announces that the oil trust, of which Rothschild is a member, has raised the price of the product throughout the Russian Empire 15 per cent. The Russian oil is inferior to American, and has not been able to drive the latter out of those countries of Europe and the Orient where it has obtained a footing. In some of the Mediterranean countries empty oil cans from the chief Russian States are one of the chief features of the civilization, and meet every use, from shingles for the house, to water buckets for the garden well, and tiny stoves for out-of-doors. But there is an immense demand for Russian petroleum within the empire, among other things, for fuel. On the Trans-Siberian Railway, for instance, the locomotives burn petroleum over certain portions of the route. This Russian Rothschild, therefore, should make a good, fat winning out of his 15 per cent. In the price of oil. It is to be hoped that the American oil trust, somewhere, to keep the oil trust quiet. One hates to see these great geniuses descend to imitation.

No branch taught in the public schools is of more importance than English, which is not only of constant use in business and in our intercourse with our fellows, but also in our speech instantly gives the key to our social rank and rearing. The teachers in the Washington public schools must be doing good work in this branch, if they have many pupils who can write as graphically as the little boy of nine, who produced a day or two ago the following composition on "Night in the Desert."

"Night in the desert is to Arabians the calmest and most pleasant part of the day. The sky looks like a great blue arch. Not long after the sun sets the stars come out, looking down on the yellow sand stretching farther than human eye can see. The appearance of the stars is also beautiful—so bright, so steady, and so silent they are as they journey toward the west."

"Oh, how still the sandy desert is at night! No sounds of people, animals, or birds can be heard; only the drowsy moaning of the camels, or, perhaps, a low song sung by some of the Arabs. The night is beautiful. The Arabs love it; it is their friend."

Is the world growing less romantic? On Saturday died Hart Pease Danks, who wrote that sweet ballad, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," which our fathers and mothers used to sing to their boys, when they were young. It used to bring tears to their eyes, when they thought of the time when they would be going down the hill together, hand in hand, no longer young, but still loving. And on Saturday a bride of less than two months used her octogenarian husband for divorce, and almost by day his hair black with ink, she alleges, he persuaded her that he was forty, and induced her to marry him. Now the ink has worn off, and the romance has faded out of her young life.

By this time the Duchess of Roxburgh has reached England with her duke, and henceforth the interest of her country, or more accurately, will be spent over there. Well, let May Golet go! One cannot much blame these very rich girls for marrying foreigners. They have everything on earth that money will buy save a title and all that it means, and they naturally yearn for the something more. It is useless to say that the duke is a manly fellow, that it was a love match, and so on; the time has come when our very rich girls, with few exceptions, see more manliness in titles than in the young men of their own country. The country is, of course, able to stand it, but they put themselves in the same category, so far as the drain upon the United States is concerned, as those Chinamen, Italians, Greeks, and other foreigners who live upon next to nothing here and send all their earnings away.

When a man marries himself at the expense of his fellow-citizens over here, and leaves the money to a son, there is no great harm done. Either the son engages in enterprises that are a benefit to the country and furnish labor to thousands, or he degenerates, who soon scatters his father's millions. There is no greater practical socialist than your addle-pated and debauched Johnny. But a rich man's daughter, when she is a sole heiress, is a menace to the public weal, for she is almost sure to scatter her millions where her hard-headed, thoroughly American old dad has schemed and toiled and, perhaps, sold his very soul for, and pour them at the feet of some foreigner. The money that has thus been taken out of the country amounts to a prodigious sum, as has often been pointed out, and the evil will never be remedied till the Constitution is revised and an order of nobility is established in this country by act of Congress. That, and that alone, would cure it, for deep down in their hearts American women prefer American men.

A Trenton, N. J., burglar, on being surprised by a lady, lifted his hat politely, and backed out, through a bay window, bowing as he went. As she arrived on the scene in time to cause him to leave behind her silverware, which he had packed up, she was not less in a frame of mind to appreciate his courtesy.

Old Spain Has Passed.

It must be that there is a new Spain. If so, the United States is largely responsible for the change. Senor Silveira recently retired from office on the ground that he could not remain in office so long as the country showed that it did not want a fleet nor an army. For Silveira the glory of the old is brighter than the new can ever be. To find an attraction in office, he said before the Cortes, there must be a foreign policy, "I mean a foreign policy frankly accepted without fear of risk. To be on equally good terms with everyone is not a policy."

In other words, a nation without a traditional quarrel and the army and navy to back it up forms a heart-breaking spectacle to a Spanish politician of the old school. Spain actually desired peace, asking for the promotion of its material interests, like factories and the farm, and willing to live without land on the dagger or the revolver, is Spain degraded compared to the Spain that at one time had colonies in all parts of the world and drained them of their wealth for the Silveiras at home.

All this was saddening to the old Spanish conservative leader. He would retire from office, he said, because he was not a politician, he spoke his farewell before the Cortes and went to his home to spend his remaining years in sad reflection over his country's changed condition—no wars, no distant possessions, no fleets, no army; nothing but a people devoted to the new gospel of making their own business and developing reforms of internal government and the industries that spring up at the hands of peaceful labor.—Detroit Free Press.

Dowie's Persuasive Way.

Dowie wants \$2,000,000 more to add to what he didn't get in New York. The chances are he will get at least a part of it. His venerable father, abused and vilified as he was by his gray-whiskered son, admits that John Alexander has a wonderful faculty for touching the pocket nerve of a certain class of credulous fanatics, who wouldn't buy 4 per cent Government bonds at 10 below par, but can be induced to place their ducks in a Zionist enterprise the same 400 per cent dividends and series assessments instead. Elijah III may be vituperative and vulgar and insolent, but when it comes down to landing the investor a few of our modern trusts are only a few steps in advance—New York Press.

The "Bloody" Englishman.

The comic Englishman is always represented as being fond of the adjective "bloody." Perhaps he is the same sort of Englishman as the one who drops his "h's." This story is told of a London school in which a little French is taught after hours by an enthusiastic pupil-teacher: The Head Master—Next boy.
The Next Boy (reading aloud)—The Englishman, with his usual sangfroid—
The Head Master—Good. But what does that sentence mean?
The Next Boy—The Englishman, with his usual bloody cool!

The Song of the Wind.

I love the song of the wind o'er the wave,
For it seems to tell of the sailors brave;
And I fancy the music which rings for the foam
Is a message of love to the loved at home:
For love can span, if the love be true,
A thousand leagues on the ocean blue;
And across the waste that hath no track,
The thoughts that are fond come swiftly back;
As the seagull flies to his craggy nest,
Thus the dreaming sailor to the spot loved best,
So I lift for the sailor a sturdy ode,
As I list to the song of the wind o'er the wave.
—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

Cars Marked by Pictures.

A quaint but not impractical device for ending confusion who have lagged from a way carriage to find their compartment is that which has been tried on a French railway. It is a system of pictures. On the outside of each compartment of each car is a different picture, a windmill or a landscape or a horse. This makes recognition easy. The Englishman in England and on the Continent all the right carriage after leaving it. The picture in France served much the same purpose as the names on American parlor cars.—New York Tribune.

Reflections of a Bachelor.